
A

Midsummer Night's Dream.

WRITTEN BY

SHAKESPEARE;

With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS,
and several New SONGS.

[Price One Shilling.]

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As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.

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434

7. E. M. O. W.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Theseus</i> , Duke of Athens,	<i>Mr.</i> Bransby.
<i>Egeus</i> , an Athenian Lord,	<i>Mr.</i> Burton.
<i>Lyfander</i> , in love with <i>Hermia</i> ,	<i>Mr.</i> Vernon.
<i>Demetrius</i> , in love with <i>Hermia</i> ,	<i>Mr.</i> W. Palmer.
<i>Quince</i> , the Carpenter,	<i>Mr.</i> Love.
<i>Snug</i> , the Joiner,	<i>Mr.</i> Clough.
<i>Bottom</i> , the Weaver,	<i>Mr.</i> Yates.
<i>Flute</i> , the Bellows-mender,	<i>Mr.</i> Baddeley.
<i>Snowt</i> , the Tinker,	<i>Mr.</i> Ackman.
<i>Starveling</i> , the Taylor,	<i>Mr.</i> Parsons.

W O M E N.

<i>Hippolita</i> , Princess of the Amázons, betrothed to <i>Theseus</i> ,	} <i>Mrs.</i> Hopkins.
<i>Hermia</i> , Daughter to <i>Egeus</i> , in love with <i>Lyfander</i> ,	
<i>Helena</i> , in love with <i>Demetrius</i> ,	- <i>Mrs.</i> Vincent.

A T T E N D A N T S.

<i>Oberon</i> , King of the Fairies,	<i>Miss</i> Rogers.
<i>Titania</i> , Queen of the Fairies,	<i>Miss</i> Ford.
<i>Puck</i> ,	<i>Master</i> Cape.
<i>First Fairy</i> ,	<i>Miss</i> Wright.
<i>Second Fairy</i> ,	<i>Master</i> Raworth.

Other Fairies attending the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Palace.

Enter Theseus, and Hippolita, with Attendants.

THESEUS.

NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon: But oh, methinks how slow
 This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights,
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up th' Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals.

The pale companion is not for our pomp.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks, good Egeus ; what's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lyfander. And, my gracious Duke,

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :

Thou, thou, Lyfander. And, my noble Lord,

Be't so, she will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens ;

As she is mine, I may dispose of her :

Which shall he either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law.

The. What say you, Hermia ? Be advis'd, fair maid,
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himself he is ;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me :

I know not by what pow'r I am made bold,

In such a presence here to plead my thoughts :

But I beseech your Grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall, if I refuse.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men ;

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,

Whether not yielding to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun :

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin heart and hand

Unto his Lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke

My soul consents not to give sov'reignty.

A I R.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

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A I R.

*With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimick virtue with the paint of art;
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart;
The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.*

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius; or protest
A single life on chaste Diana's altar.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia, and Lysander yield.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.

Lys. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possesst: My love is more than his:
My fortune's ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
And, which is more than all, I'm lov'd of Hermia.
Why shou'd not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius sought Nedar's daughter Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet Lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought t'have spoke thereof;
But being over-full of self-affairs

My mind did lose it. But Demetrius, come,
And come, Egeus, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, Hippolita.

[*Exeunt.*

B

Manent

Manent Lyfander and Hermia.

Lyf. Hermia, for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth,
 But either it was different in blood,
 Or else misgrafted in respect of years,
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,
 Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night
 That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
 And ere a man hath power to say, behold!
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
 Oh, let us teach our trial patience:

Lyf. A good persuasion; therefore hear me, Hermia:
 I have a widow-aunt, a dowager,
 From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues;
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
 Steal forth to-morrow night; and in the wood
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to the morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

A I R.

*When that gay season did us lead
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead,
 When the merry bells rung round,
 And the rebecks brisk did sound,
 When young and old came forth to play
 On a sunshine holyday.*

*Let us wander far away,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray
 O'er the mountains barren breast,
 Where labouring clouds do often rest,
 O'er the meads with daizies py'd,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.*

Her,

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

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Her. My good Lyfander,
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
To morrow truly will I meet Lyfander.

Lyf. Keep promise, love. Look here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. Good speed, fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay;
Demetrius loves you, fair;

A I R.

*O Hermia fair, O happy, happy fair,
Your eyes are load stars, and your Tongue's sweet air,
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear;
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motions of your lover's heart.*

Her. Take comfort;
Demetrius no more shall see your Hermia,
Lyfander and myself will fly this place.

A I R.

*Before the time I did Lyfander see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to me;
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!*

Lyf. Helen, to you we will unfold our minds;
To-morrow night, when Phebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking the bladed grass with liquid pearl,
(A time to lovers flights is still propitious)
Through Athens' gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Were won't to lye upon faint primrose beds,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet,
There my Lyfander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewel sweet play-fellow! Pray thou for us;

B 2

Keep

Keep word, Lysander, we must starve our fight
From lover's food, 'till morrow deep midnight. [*Exit Hermia.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia. Helena, adieu!
As you on him, Demetrius doat on you. [*Exit Lys.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as Hermia;
But what of that; Demetrius thinks not so:
Yet ere he look'd on Hermia's eyes, he swore,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine:
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the Wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear reward.

A I R.

*Against myself why all this art,
To glad my eyes, I grieve my heart;
To give him joy, I court my bane!
And with his sight enrich my pain.* [*Exit Hel.*]

S C E N E *a Room in Quince's House:*

*Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and
Starveling.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrawl of every man's name, which is
thought fit through all Athens to play in our interlude before
the Duke and Dutcheſs, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on;
then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a
point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and
most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.
Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrawl.
Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom the weaver!

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin.

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love:

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest; yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in. "To make all split the raging rocks and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison-gates, and *Phibbus* carr shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates!" This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Flute*, you must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring knight?

Quin. It is the *Lady* that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman, I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; *Taisne*, *Thifne*; ah *Pyramus* my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, the Taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* mother: *Tom Snowt*, the tinker.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father; *Snug* the joiner, you the *Lion's* part; I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the *Lion's* part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the *Lion* too, I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the *Duke* say, let him roar again, let him roar again!

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the *Dutchess* and the *Ladies*, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. But hold ye, hold ye, neighbours; are your voices in order, and your tunes ready? For if we miss our musical pitch, we shall be all 'sham'd and abandon'd.

Quin. Ay, ay! Nothing goes down so well as a little of your sol, fa, and long quaver; therefore let us be in our airs—and for better assurance I have got the pitch pipe.

Bot. Stand round, stand round! We'll rehearse our epilog—Clear up your pipes, and every man in his turn take up his stanza-verse—Are you all ready?

All. Ay, ay!—Sound the pitch-pipe, Peter Quince.

[Quince blows.

Bot. Now make your reverence and begin.

S O N G—*for Epilogue;*

By Quincé, Bottom, Snug, Flute, Starveling, Snout.

Quin. *Most noble Duke, to us be kind;
Be you and all your courtiers blind,
That you may not our errors find,
But smile upon our sport.
For we are simple actors all,
Some fat, some lean, some short, some tall;
Our pride is great, our merit small;
Will that, pray, do at court?*

II.

Starv. *The writer too of this same piece,
Like other poets here of Greece,
May think all swans, that are but geese,
And spoil your princely sport.
Six honest folks we are, no doubt,
But scarce know what we've been about,
And tho' we're honest, if we're out,
That will not do at court.*

III.

Bot. *Shall tinkers, weavers, taylors, dare
To strut and bounce like any play'r,
And shew you all, what fools we are,
And that way make you sport?
Our lofty parts we could not hit,
For what we undertook unfit;
Much noise indeed, but little wit,
That will not do at court.*

IV.

Flu. *O would the Duke and Dutcheſs smile,
The court would do the same awhile,
But call us after, low and vile,
And that way make their sport:
Nay, would you still more pastime make,
And at poor we your purses shake,
Whate'er you give, we'll gladly take,
For that will do at court.*

Bot.

Bot. Well said, my boys, my hearts! Sing but like night-
ingales thus when you come to your misrepresentation, and we
are made for ever, you rogues! so! steal a way now to your
homes without inspection; meet me at the Duke's oak—by
moon light—mum's the word.

All. Mum!

[Exeunt all stealing out.]

End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Wood.

*Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck, or Robin-good-fellow,
at another.*

Puck. **H**OW now, Spirit! whither wander you?
1st *Fai.* Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

A I R.

*Kingcup, daffodil and rose,
Shall the fairy wreath compose;
Beauty, sweetness, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night:
Lightly trip it o'er the green
Where the Fairy ring is seen;
So no step of earthly tread,
Shall offend our Lady's head.*

*Virtue sometimes droops her wing,
Beauties bee, may lose her sting;
Fairy land can both combine,
Roses with the eglantine:
Lightly be your measures seen,
Defly footed o'er the green;
Nor a spectre's baleful head
Peep at our nocturnal tread.*

Farewel thou lob of spirits, I'll begone;
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

C

Puck.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night,
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;
For they do square, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

1st Fai. But why is Oberon so fell and wrath?

Puck. Because that she, as her attendant hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian King;
And she perforce with-holds the changling,
Tho' jealous Oberon wou'd have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.

1st Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish Sprite
Call'd Robin-good-fellow.

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
Oft lurk in gossip's bowl, and her beguile
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole choir hold their hips and loffe.

A I R.

1st Fai. Yes, yes, I know you, you are he
That frighten all the villagere;
Skim milk, and labour in the quern,
And bootless make the huswife churn;
Or make the drink to bear no barm,
Laughing at their loss and harm,
But call you Robin, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

Yes, you are that unlucky Sprite!
Like Will-a-whisp, a wandring light,
Through ditch, thro' bog, who lead astray
Benighted swains, who lose their way;
You pinch the slattern black and blue,
You silver drop in huswife's shoe;
For call you Robin and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

Puck.

Puck. But make room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

1st Fai. And here my mistress: Would that he were gone!

Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door, with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania!

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy Lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy Lady: Why art thou here?
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigune, whom he ravished,
And make him, with fair Egle, break his faith
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never since that middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the amazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changling boy
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order,
And in the spiced Indian air by night
Full often she hath gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,

Marking th' embarked traders of the flood,
 When we have laught to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again
 As from a voyage rich with merchandize;
 But she being mortal of that boy did die,
 And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day,
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I'll go with thee,

Queen. Not for thy Fairy kingdom.

A I R. D U E T.

Queen. *Away, away,
 I will not stay,
 But fly from rage and thee.*

King. *Begone, begone,
 You'll feel anon
 What 'tis to injure me.*

Queen. *Away, false man!
 Do all you can,
 I scorn your jealous rage!*

King. *We will not part;
 Take you my heart!
 Give me your favourite page.*

Queen. *I'll keep my page!*

King. *And I my rage!
 Nor shall you injure me.*

Queen. *Away, away!
 I will not stay,
 But fly from rage and thee.*

Both. *Away, away, &c.* [Exeunt *Queen, &c.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury——
 My gentle Puck, come hither:
 There is a flow'r, the herb I shew'd thee once,
 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,

Will make a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me that herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which she waking looks upon,
(Be it on bear, lion, wolf, bull, ape or monkey),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb),
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Hence, get thee gone! and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me on, I cannot help but follow.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, and I cannot love you?

A I R.

*Forbid the stormy sea to roll,
Or fix the roving wind;
But, ah, attempt not to controul
The changes of my mind.*

*Recall the minutes that are fled,
Forbid fleet time to move,
Wake to new life the sleeping dead,
But ne'er recall my love.*

Hel. Scorn me, spurn me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place.

Hel.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege ; for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world.

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go :
Or if you follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

[Exit.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town and field
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.

A I R.

*Our softer sex can't fight for love,
As rougher men may do ;
In gentle sighs our passions move,
We shou'd be woo'd, not woo.*

[Exit.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph ! Ere he doth leave this grove
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Enter Puck.

Hast thou the flow'r there ? Welcome wanderer !

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me ;

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslip and the nodding violet grows ;
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs, with dances and delight ;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove ;
A sweet Athenian Lady is in love
With a disdainful youth ; anoint his eyes ;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man
By th' Athenian garments he hath on.
And look you, meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my Lord, your servant shall do so. [Exit.

Ob. Now, with all speed, to charm Titania. [Exit King.
Enter

Enter Second Fairy, with a troop of Fairies.

A I R.

*Come, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy Elves that be ;
O'er tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly do we pass ;
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk.*

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Wood.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her Train.

Queen. **C**OME, now a roundel, and a fairy song:
 Then for the third part of a minute hence,
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
 Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats: And some keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders,
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep,
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

[Goes to the Bower and lies down.]

A I R.

Ist. Fai. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy Queen.
 Philomel with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely Lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.

II.

*Weaving spiders come not here;
 Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence:
 Beetles black approach not near,
 Worm nor snail do no offence.*

Philomel with melody, &c.

*Hence away! now all is well;
 One aloof stand sentinel.*

*[Exeunt Fairies.
 Enter*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye what shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Exit Ob.]

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

D U E T. A I R.

*Not the silver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car,
Are so beauteous to the eye,
Are so choicely match'd by far.*

*Not the wings that bear aloft,
The gay sportive God of love,
Are so lovely bright and soft,
Or with more consent do move.*

Her. Now, my Lysander, on that bank repose,
That if perchance my woman's fears shou'd seek
Protection in thy love and brav'ry,
I may not call on love and thee in vain.

Lys. Repose thee, love, I'll watch thee thro' the night,
No harm shall reach thee—
Sleep give thee all his rest.

Her. With half that wish, the wisher's eyes be prest!

[They sleep.]

D

Enter

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian find I none;
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid?
 And here the maiden sleeping found
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 But first I'll throw into a trance,
 'This youth; that elves may round him dance:
 Melting sounds your power impart,
 That I may pierce his harden'd heart!

[Soft musick.

Lys. Whence is this sweet enchanting harmony!
 A thicker shade o'er spreads the night! my senses,
 Some secret unknown influence feels——
 I cannot shake it off; chains invisible
 Already bind my limbs, and all my pow'rs enthrall.

[He sinks down.

Puck. 'Tis done, 'tis done; and now my skill,
 His breast with other love shall fill:
 Churl upon thy eyes I throw,
 All the power this charm doth owe;
 So awake when I am gone!
 For I must now to Oberon.

*[Exit.**Enter Demetrius and Helena running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet Demetrius!

Dem. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou leave me? do not so, my love.

Dem. Stay on thy peril, I alone will go.

[Exit Dem.

Hel. O I am out of breath in this fond chase;

The more my prayer, the lesser is my favour.

But who is here? Lysander on the ground:

Dead or asleep?

Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run thro' fire for thee, sweet Helena.

[Waking.

Where is Demetrius? Oh how fit a word,

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander, say not so:

What tho' he loves your Hermia? What of that?

Yet

Yet Hermia still loves you; be satisfy'd.

Lyf. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have lost.
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier.
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I can read
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. But wherefore this?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, *Lyfander*,
That I did never, no, nor ever can,
Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius*,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.

A I R.

*If, oh, if no flame returns
The Flame that in my bosom burns,
If love for love's deny'd;
Oh, be not an ungentle swain,
Nor add to cold neglect, disdain,
And insolence and pride!*

[Exit.

Lyf. She sees not Hermia: Hermia, sleep thou there,
And never may'st thou come *Lyfander* near;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
Brings deepest loathing to the appetite;
Or as the heresies that men do quit,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me.

[Exit.

Her. Help me, *Lyfander*, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my bosom.
Ah me, for pity! what a dream was here?
Lyfander, look how I do quake with horror.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at him.—Ha! *Lyfander*,
Lyfander! what remov'd? *Lyfander*, Lord!
What out of hearing gone? out of sight!
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear me,
Speak of all loves: I swoon almost with fear.

D 2

A I R.

A I R.

*Sweet soothing hope, whose magic-art,
Transforms our night to day,
Dispel the clouds, that wrap my heart,
With thy enliv'ning ray:
Thus when the sky with noxious steams,
Has been obscur'd awhile,
The sun darts forth his piercing beams,
And makes all nature smile.*

[Exit.

*Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and
Starveling.*

The Queen of Fairies lying a sleep.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat! and here's a marvellous convenient place for our reherfal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince.

Quin. What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'laken, a parlous fear!

Starv. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lion?

Starv. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, heaven shield us! a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your Lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, He is Snug the Joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for you know Pyramus and Thisby met by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look into the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn; and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaister, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus, and through the cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; and when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd; I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr.

Pyr. Odours favours sweet;
 So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear:
 But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here a while,
 And by-and-by I will to thee appear.

[*Exit Pyr.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[*Aside.*[*Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white of hue,
 Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bier,
 Most briskly jevenile, and eke most lovely jew,
 As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire;
 I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet:
 That you answer to Pyramus: You speak all your part at
 once, cues and all. Pyramus enter; your cue is past: It is,
 Never tire.

Enter Puck, and Bottom with an Ass's head.

This. O, as true as truest horse that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted: Pray
 masters, fly masters, help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Thro' bog, thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' briar;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to
 make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd: What do I see on
 thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass's head of your own,
 do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[Exit.

Bot.

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me; to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.]

A I R.

*The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle, with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.*

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot. (Sings.) *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.*

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again,
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: But if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flow'rs doth sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom, Cob, Moth, Mustardseed!

Enter

*Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed.
Four Fairies.*

1st *Fai.* Ready.

2d *Fai.* And I.

3d *Fai.* And I.

4th *Fai.* And I. Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricots and dewberries;

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,

And for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes,

To have my love to-bed, and to arise:

Nod to him, Elves, and do him courtesies.

1st *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2d *Fai.* Hail!

3d *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily; I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman.

Pease. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash your mother, and to Master Peasecod your father: Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir?

Must. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef, hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bow'r.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,

And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,

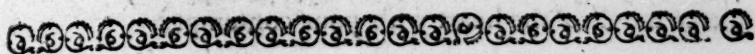
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity?

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now, mad sprite!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches rude rehears'd a Play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
And as's nose I fixt upon one head,
And all the rest with fear distracted fled.
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and strait way lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This's the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast giv'n me cause to curse thee:
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Oh, kill me too!
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n from hence,
From sleeping Hermia?
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him.

E

Dem.

Dem. Why, gentle Hermia, will you still persist,
To pierce me thro' the heart with your contempt?

A I R.

*These looks, these tears, these tender sighs,
Are these in murderers found?
'Tis I am murder'd, and your eyes,
Your scorn, has given the wound.*

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, give him to my wishes!

Dem. I'd rather give his carcass to the dogs.

Her. Thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?
Hence forth be never number'd among men,
Thou serpent!

Dem. I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead for aught that I can tell.

Her. Then from thy hated presence will I go,
In search of my Lysander, come what may.

A I R.

*I'll range all around 'till I find out my love,
O'er mountains, in valleys, thro' desarts I'll rove;
Nor distance, nor danger, nor death can affright,
For love gives me courage, and wings for my flight.*

[Exit Her.]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Upon this bank I will a while repose me. [Lies down.]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight:
About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens see thou find.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
And send an elf with some of that same flow'r.

Puck. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[Exit.]

Ob. I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Enter Fairy with a flower.

1st. Fair. Here is the flower.

Ob.

Ob. Now, Fairy, sing the charm.

A I R.

*Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.*

[Exit Fairy.]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth mistook by me
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand a side: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born

In their nativity all truth appears.

A I R.

*How can these sighs and tears seem scorn to you;
They are the signs of love——O think 'em true!*

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
These vows are Hermia's: give 'em not to me.

Lyf. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my mind now you swear to me.

Lyf. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [Waking] O Helen, Goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyes?

Hel. O spite! to use a simple woman thus!
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

In my poor eyes to conjure up the tears
With your derision ! 'Tis unkindly done.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius, O forbear !
For you love Hermia ; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you my pretensions ;
And yours to Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love to death, Demetrius.

Hel. What cruel mocking of a simple maid !

Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia, I will none ;
My heart to Helena is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

A I R.

*How calm my soul in this blest hour,
How undisturb'd my breast ;
True love at length resumes his pow'r,
And brings me peace and rest.*

*My faith and truth now stand confess'd,
I now no longer roam ;
My heart with Hermia was a guest
With Helen 'tis at home.*

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy peril thou repent. Lyfander,
Look where thy love comes.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
Has made my ear more quick of apprehension :
Thou art not found, Lyfander, by mine eye ;
My faithful ear, I thank it, brought me to thee.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me, love ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go ?

Her. What love, could press Lyfander from my side ?

Lys. Lyfander's love, his love for Helena,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery stars : why seek'st thou me ?

Her. You speak not as you think, Lyfander.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy.
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid !

‘ Is all the counsel that we two have shar’d,
‘ The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
‘ When we have chid the hasty-footed time
‘ For parting us ; O ! and is all forgot ?
‘ All school-days Friendship, childhood innocence ?
‘ We, Hermia, like two artificial Gods,
‘ Created with our needles both one flower ;
‘ Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
‘ As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
‘ Had been incorp’rate : so we grew together,
‘ Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
‘ But yet an union in partition.”

And will you join in scorning your poor friend ?

Her. Helen, I am amazed at your words :
I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise me in derision ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
To call me goddess ? wherefore is all this,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, persevere and counterfit sad looks :
This sport well carried shall be chronicled.
But fare ye well ! ’tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena, hear my vows, my prayers ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Lys. Helen, I love thee, by my life I do !
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

A I R.

*Let him come, let him come, I'll prove to his face,
My passion no rival can bear :
Let him fly, let him fly, for he's sure of disgrace ;
For my love feels the rage of despair.*

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it, traitor !
Now follow if thou dar’st, to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ? Nay I’ll go with thee. [*Exe. Lys. and Dem.*

Her.

Her. O me, you jugler; O, you canker-blossom;
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, Hermia:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.

A I R. D U E T.

Hel. *With various griefs my mind is torn.*

Her. *And mine with rage, and love, and scorn.*

Both. *My griefs can have no end.*

Hel. *What greater ills can woman prove?*

Her. *For friendship has betray'd my love.*

Hel. *And love destroys the friend.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Oberon and Puck comes forward.

Ob. This is thy negligence: Still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By th' Athenian garments he hath on?

Ob. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night:
I'll lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision:
And back the lovers shall return in truth;
Then to my Queen, and beg her Indian youth:
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Away, away, make no delay,
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit Puck.*]

A I R.

*Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am fear'd in field and town,
I will lead them up and down.*

Here comes one.

Enter

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak, where art thou?

Ob. Here, recreant, here! [*Exit Ob. and Dem.*]

Lyf. He goes before me, dares me to the fight;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
I follow'd fast, but faster he did run. [*Shifting places.*]
Now tir'd and fall'n in a dark, uneven way,
Here will I rest me. Come, thou gentle morning! [*Lies down.*]
For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge my wrongs.

Enter Demetrius.

Ob. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st:
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand. Recreant, speak;
Where art thou?

Ob. Come thou hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear:
By day's approach, look to be visited.
Now go thy way: Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed. [*Lies down.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these, that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Ob. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.

Enter Second Fairy.

2d Fai. Here she comes, cross and sad.

Ob. Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
 I can no further crawl, no further go:
 Here will I rest me till the break of day:
 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*]

Ob. On the ground, sleep thou sound;
 I'll apply, to your eye, gentle lover, remedy:
 [*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]

And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown.
 Jack shall have Jill, nought shall go ill,
 The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

A I R.

2d Fai.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot on sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never.*

[*Exeunt Ob. and Fai.*]*End of the Fourth Act.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Wood.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom ; Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

Queen. COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek-smooth'd head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy !

A I R.

*Sweetest creature,
Pride of nature,
Lov'd as soon as seen :
Hear me sighing,
See me dying,
Alas, poor Queen !*

II.

*Never slander,
Knew me wander
From our Fairy ring :
But you charm me,
And so warm me,
Alas, poor King !*

Bot. What, my sweet Robin-red-breast, have I put a little salt upon your tail ? I'll have you in a cage, and feed you with white bread and milk ; and you shall whistle all day to me, you little, loving, Tom-tit, you. Where's Peaseblossom ?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Monsieur ; and good

F

Monsieur,

Monfieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I fhould be loth to have you overflown with the honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monfieur Mustardfeed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neafe, Monfieur Mustardfeed: Pray you, leave your curtefie, good Monfieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monfieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I muft to the barber's, Monfieur; for methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: And I am fuch a tender afs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muft scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear fome mufick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in mufick.

D U E T. *By 1st and 2d Fairy.*

*Welcome, welcome to this place,
Fav'rite of the Fairy Queen;
Zephyrs, play around his face,
Wafh, ye dewes, his graceful mien.*

*Pluck the wings from butterflies,
To fan the moon beams from his eyes;
Round him in eternal fpring,
Grashoppers and crickets fmg.*

*By the fpangled ftarlight fheen,
Nature's joy he walks the green;
Sweet voice, long ears, and graceful mien,
Speak him thine, O Fairy Queen!*

Queen. Or fay, sweet love, what thou defir'ft to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great defire to a bottle of hay: Good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a ventrous Fairy that fhall feek The fquirrels hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peafe. But I pray you, let none of your people ftir me; I have an expofition of fleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies begone, and be always away. So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwift.

O how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

*Sleep.
Enter*

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin ! See'st thou this sweet sight ?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity :
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
I then did ask of her, her changeling child,
Which strait she gave me ; wherefore I'll undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes :
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

A I R.

*Be as thou wast wont to be ;
See as thou wast wont to see :
As I to you, be you to me.*

Now my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

Queen. My Oberon ! What visions have I seen !
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass ?
O how mine eyes do loath this visage now !

Ob. Silence a while. Robin, take off his head.
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho musick ! such as charmeth sleep.

A I R.

2d Fai. *Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever spring, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.*

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, musick: Come, my Queen, take hand with me,
F 2 And

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity.

[*Lark heard.*

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.

[*Lark again.*

Ob. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight,
Tell me, how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.

[*A dance of Fairies, and exeunt.*

Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair Pyramus—Hey-ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling!—God's my life! stolen hence and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision! I had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what: Methought I was, and methought I had; but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say, what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: It shall be call'd, Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit Bot.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his train.

Thes. Go, one of you, and find out the forester;
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion—
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard

So

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung,
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Ege. My Lord this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, Lyfander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder at their being here together.

Thes. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day,
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

A I R.

Lyf. *Hark, hark, how the hounds and horn,
Cherely rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of yon hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.*

Thes. Good-morrow friends; saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyf. Pardon, my Lord.

Thes. I know you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet I swear
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I speak)
And now I do methink me, so it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of th' Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough;

I beg

I beg the law, the law upon his head :
 They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
 Thereby to have defeated you and me,
 You of your wife, and me of my consent.

Dem. My Lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
 And I in fury hither follow'd them ;
 Fair Helena in fancy follow'd me :
 But, my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
 But by some power it is, my love to Hermia
 Is melted as the snow ;
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,
 Was I betrothed 'ere I Hermia saw ;
 But like a sickness did I loath this food ;
 But as in health come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for ever more be true to it.

Lys. And I my bond of faith to Hermia,
 Will still maintain 'till life shall be no more :
 The busy phantoms that disturb'd my brain,
 Are fled, and all is happiness and love.

A I R. D U E T.

Lys. *The dream is o'er as day appears,
 The bags of night are flown ;
 My rising joys have chas'd my fears,
 And Hermia is my own.*

Her. *I must have slept, to be untrue ;
 And from my faith to rove,
 My waking thoughts are all of you,
 Of you alone, and love——.*

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, what these lovers speak of.

Thes. More strange than true : I never may believe
 These antick fables, nor these fairy toys,
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains ;
 Such shaping phantefsy they apprehend,
 More than cool reason ever comprehends,
 The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of Imagination all compact ;
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 The madman ; while the lover all as frantick,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
 The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,

Doth

Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n ;
And as Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name :
Such tricks hath strong imagination.

Lys. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. I think so too, and I have found Demetrius,
Like a jewel; mine own, and not mine own.

Hip. Fair friends, the crosses of your loves are now o'erblown,
And future happiness await your walks, your board, your beds.

Thes. —Of this discourse we shall hear more anon :
Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit ;
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside,
Away with us to Athens, three and three ;
There will we feast in great solemnity.

A I R.

Lys. Pierce the air with sounds of joy ;
Come hymen with the winged boy,
Bring song, and dance, and revelry,
From this our great solemnity,
Drive care and sorrow far away,
Let all be mirth and holiday.

C H O R U S.

Hail to love ! and welcome joy !
Hail to the delicious boy !
See the sun from love returning,
Love's the flame in which he's burning.

F I N I S.

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